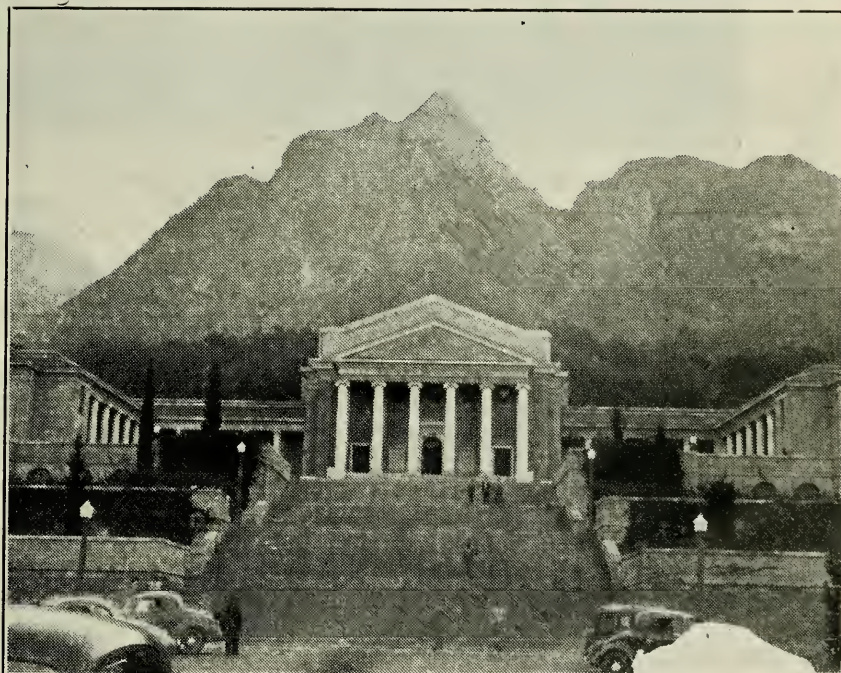


Cumora's Southern Messenger



JUNE, 1938.

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Music Department, University of Cape Town.

(Photo Courtesy Music Dept.)

“Wisdom is the Principle Thing”

ESTABLISHED firmly beneath the crags of Devil's Peak are several buildings, which collectively constitute the University of Cape Town. This University, founded by Cecil Rhodes, is a symbol of the desire of the South African people for education, for knowledge, for wisdom.

The intellectual standards of our nations are influenced greatly by the quality of its schools and the men who lead its youth. Schools control the endeavours of youth. How fitting that we pay tribute to the movement of education which is taking place in the various departments of this great university!

He who wrote the Proverbs said: “Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom . . . She shall give to thine head an ornament of grace: a crown of glory shall she deliver to thee. Hear, O my son, and receive my sayings;

and the years of thy life shall be many.”

Latter-day revelation confirms the advice of the proverbial writer. “Seek ye diligently and teach one another words of wisdom: yea, seek ye out of the best books words of wisdom.”

In seeking wisdom we must develop more than the physical and mental nature. The spiritual, which includes the aesthetic sense of man, is just as important as the other aspects of his nature. God and angels are associated in literature with music because music is the expression of the loftiest and most noble emotions.

In an age when educated and learned men rule those who are uneducated and untrained, it behoves us to awake to our privileges and live up to our opportunities that we may in turn help others to live a life of joy through proper application of the principles of wisdom.

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The University of Cape Town, the fulfilment of one of Cecil John Rhodes' fondest dreams.

Inside Cover:

Department of Music of the University of Cape Town,

A Call to High Destiny

By George Q. Morris

STRANGE as it may seem to this ultra-modern world, although far away in distance and in time from their former oriental surroundings, in the midst of the Rocky Mountains, near the western extremity of this new western world, in the midst of an occidental civilization, we find to-day tabernacles of Israel, temples of God, holy scriptures newly introduced, prophets of God, apostles of the Lord Jesus Christ, and an organized Priesthood of God again directing the Church of Christ and proclaiming His restored Gospel to the world. This marvellous and wonderful thing has happened in our own century and country; and also in this new, free country have Christian people, whose toilsome journey of a thousand miles through the great plains is marked by the graves of their dead.

Because the Father and the Son did appear to Joseph Smith and by him re-establish in the western world the Church previously given to an oriental people, your members of the church, are representing a people who are a chosen people, with a peculiar mission and a high destiny. This is not spoken in a spirit of self-righteousness or boastfulness, rather in meekness and humility; but spoken withal with an abiding conviction of the verity, that this people, in the providences of God, bears a dispensation of the Gospel to the world, which is the power of God unto their salvation, and they plead earnestly with all men to share it.

Ninety years ago this people were driven from the western confines of civilizations, a misunderstood, maligned, and persecuted people. They came to these magnificent mountains and these glorious valleys to be far away from violence, bigotry, and intolerance. In this seclusion they built up the Kingdom of God. There gathered together, from all nations, men and women who would consecrate themselves to the service of God and their fellow men. Now this kingdom is rapidly spreading back over

the earth. Young men and women of the church have travelled over the whole world with the message of the restored Gospel, in their fine, clean manhood and sweet womanhood, with their meekness and their faith, and in their wake have sprung up branches and missions and wards and stakes of Zion, in which is found the teeming activity that characterizes this Church everywhere. We now see the stakes of Zion extending from the Atlantic coast to mid-Pacific. Activities among the people, young and old, are being carried on with signal success and with thrilling results throughout the American continent, throughout Great Britain, and Europe and Scandinavia, in South America, in South Africa, in Australia, and in the islands of the sea. The eyes and the hearts of the youth in all of these countries are turned to us. They are one with us in faith and in devotion and in service to the Church.

All our activities are primarily but a means leading to an end—the establishment of the truth in the hearts of the people in the Church and in the world. It is accomplished in part through the cultural activities and pursuits which answer the aesthetic and the social needs and desires of the human soul. It is in these activities and associations that the programme of the Church carries the spirit of God to the hearts of men and women and plants there a testimony of the gospel. Through its varied classes and activities it develops their faith, their abilities; enlarges and enriches their lives and leads them to faithful service in the cause of God.

The Church calls all the young men and women of the Church to rise to their high destiny; to know the truth and love it; to teach the truth and live it before all men. It calls all young men and women in the Church to the realization of the significant fact that so far as the things of God are concerned, they do not

Continued on page 92.

"Prove Me Now Herewith Saith the Lord"

THE one-hundredth anniversary of the revelation on tithing given through the Prophet Joseph Smith to the people of this church on 8th July, 1938, will be celebrated throughout the church. The first revelation on this subject given in modern times is recorded in the 119 section of the Doctrine and Covenants. It was given at a time when the Saints were poor and needy in answer to a question from the Prophet.

"O Lord, show unto thy servants how much thou requirest of the property of the people for a tithing." The answer came—"Verily, thus saith the Lord, I require all their surplus property to be put into the hands of the bishop of my church in Zion, for the building of mine house, and for the laying of the foundation of Zion and for the priesthood, and for the debts of the Church. And this shall be the beginning of the tithing of my people. And after that, those who have thus been tithed, shall pay one-tenth of all their interest, annually; and this shall be a standing law unto them forever, for my priesthood, saith the Lord.

There is a statement found in Malachi 3 : 7-12 concerning tithing which is quoted and re-quoted but which still holds a vital message to us:

"Even from the days of your fathers ye are gone away from mine ordinances, and have not kept them. Return unto me, and I will return unto you, saith the Lord of hosts. But ye said, Wherein shall we return?"

Will a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed me. But ye say, Wherein have we robbed thee? In tithes and offerings.

Ye are cursed with a curse: for ye have robbed me, even this whole nation.

Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to contain it." Malachi 3 : 7-10.)

From the very beginning man has found it his duty to pay tithing or some

kind of an offering to God. We are no less obligated. And it is not an unpleasant duty. Throughout the church and throughout the missions of the Church it was found that during the depression, those who payed an honest tithe were the last ones to lose their jobs and many of them worked right through and lost nothing through the economic stress that was prevalent at that time. Bishops and Branch Presidents found that very few tithe payers needed to seek governmental or charitable aid but on the contrary were able to help those who were not tithe payers.

In the South African Mission it has been demonstrated time after time that those who do not pay tithing or contribute in any way to the uplift and betterment of the church, are the very individuals who find themselves in need of church aid, while those who pay their tithing and their offerings are seldom if ever in want. President Heber J. Grant says on this subject:—

"Prosperity comes to those who observe the law of tithing; and when I say prosperity I am not thinking of it in terms of pounds and shillings alone, although as a rule the Latter-day Saints who are best tithe payers are the most prosperous men financially; but what I count as real prosperity, as the one thing of all others that is of great value to every man and woman living, is the growth in the knowledge of God, and in a testimony, and in the power to live the Gospel and to inspire our families to do the same."

So that both in a spiritual and a financial way it has been shown that those who have the faith and the integrity to pay an honest and full tenth are blessed far more abundantly than those who, either through lack of faith or lack of knowledge of the commandment, fail to meet that obligation.

In the past year it has been shown what blessings come from the erection of one Church. The increase of enthusiasm and the increase of joy that has accom-

"I Think I Am"

By Harrison R. Merrill.

JUDGE JETHRO sat down in one of the luxurious chairs in the mayor's office and looked steadily across the table at his friend the mayor. "You're not going to let them rope you into that job, are you?" he asked sternly.

"I think I am," he replied, smiling just a little.

"Well, of all the fools . . ." the judge began.

"Don't be too severe," Mayor John H. Rasmusson cut in. "Darn it all, Judge, there are some things a fellow just has to do for his Church."

"You're doing enough, aren't you?" the Judge asked. "Dentist, Mayor, Gospel Doctrine class teacher—What more ought you to do?"

"Well," the Mayor answered, "just about anything the Church asks of me."

The two men were friends of long standing, though the Judge was not a member of the Church and the Mayor was.

"Why?" the Judge spoke sharply.

"Well, there's why." The Mayor took a book from his desk and, opening its pages, handed it to the judge. "There's the story. Read it while I make this phone call and you'll know why."

Sven Rasmusson was an emigrant from Sweden, one of the common people. When he heard the Gospel message he was converted and baptized. Saving his meager wages, he and his wife had their hearts set upon Zion.

At last the great day arrived. Their savings were sufficient for their fare. Reaching Florence, Nebraska, after a long voyage and a hard journey overland, they purchase a cart and prepared to walk to Zion.

Sven was a violinist and carried with him his precious instrument.

One night they reached a camp on the North Platte River in which there were men on their way East from Great Salt Lake Valley. After they had made their

camp and eaten their frugal meal of bacon and bread, they sought out the strangers hoping to have word from the City of the Saints. To their surprise, they discovered that one of the members of the party was the Elder who had taught them the Gospel.

Sven Rasmusson lost no time in finding the Elder. He came upon him as he sat upon the tongue of his wagon watching his horses finish their feed of oats. Sven was greeted warmly but noticed a reserve in the manner of the Elder.

After the first greetings were over and each had asked the other many questions, the Elder said:

"Brother Rasmusson, turn back. I found I was mistaken. While the doctrine of the Church is fine, the authorities are unfair. I have left the Church and am returning to the old family home in New Jersey and expect never to return. Turn back before it is too late."

Sven was shocked beyond measure.

"Are you trying to tell me that you have apostatized?" he asked.

"Not exactly—yet," the Elder answered, "but I am tired of it all. Utah is a rough, uncouth land without the semblance of culture. I have decided that I am mistaken. There is no *one* true church; many are true. You'll starve there for things of culture."

"But I don't understand."

"I know you don't now, but think it over and if in the morning you will turn back, you may go with me. I'll haul you and your belongings in my wagon."

Sven Rasmusson went back to his camp and his frail young wife, broken-hearted. Long into the night they talked of their testimony and of the young Elder who had taken them the Gospel. When at last they prepared to retire, they knelt beside their tiny camp and offered up a prayer to God for guidance.

The following morning Sven Rasmus-

Continued on page 93.

GREETINGS

THANKS be to God who counted me worthy, appointing me to be His minister."

In many ways it was much like coming back home to return to this country. We were met at the docks by my old boyhood and missionary companion, President Le Grand P. Backman, his family, the Elders, and some of the old friends of twenty years ago. Although strangers to this country, my wife and children couldn't help but feel much as I did when met by such a splendid group.

The members of the church and their friends at Cape Town have been very gracious. They have really made us welcome. With such a spirit of love and companionship shown us we are certain that we will enjoy our mission.

We regret that the press of affairs will not permit us to visit all of the branches of the church at the present time. We look forward to the time that we can re-new all the old acquaintances. We are exceedingly happy to know that there are so many who have kept "true to the Faith." In the language of Paul "we are bound to thank God always for you—as it is meet, because that your faith groweth exceedingly." By this faith the church has grown both spiritually and in numbers. Twenty years have made a great difference and so it should. "By their fruits ye shall know them." From that small group, many of whom have left us, has now developed a crowd which taxed the capacity of the new chapel at Mowbray. What a wonderful testimony and what a satisfaction. President Backman and family and Elders



Richard E. Folland.

Marsh and Clark will never forget that sight which confronted them on their last Sunday evening in Cape Town.

A new era dawned for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in South Africa with the purchase of "Cimorah," by President N. G. Smith, the building of "Ramah," by President J. Wiley Sissions, and now with the completion of the beautiful chapel at Cape Town by President L. P. Backman. Other branches have the building spirit and are making sacrifices in their efforts to create sufficient funds to start a place of worship which they can call their own. They do not forget that "sacrifice brings forth the blessings of heaven." This is indeed a healthy spirit and an attitude which cannot be downed. It reminds one of the old Pioneer spirit.

"O that I were an angel, and could have the wish of mine heart, that I might go forth and speak with the trump of God, with a voice to shake the earth and cry repentance unto every people; Yea, I would declare unto every soul, as with the voice of thunder, repentance, and the plan of redemption, that they should repent and come unto our God, that there might not be more sorrow upon the face of the earth. But behold, I am a man, and do sin in my wish; for I ought to be content with the things which the Lord hath allotted unto me. — I know that which the Lord hath commanded me, and I glory in it. I do not glory in myself, but I glory in that which the Lord hath commanded me; yea, and this is my glory, that perhaps I may be an instrument in the hands of God, to bring some soul to repentance; and this is my joy."

R.E.F.



Josephine H. Folland.

THE JUNIOR C



"I'm grateful for most everything—
For flowers that bloom and birds that sing,
For sweet, fresh air and sunshine bright,
For stars that twinkle in the night.

For all my toys and every pet,
For parents dear who ne'er forget
Their little child; and up above
For Jesus, watching me in love."

Selected.

S M



Hop and Jump

"O H Mother, look at the poor little bunnies out in the snow!"

"They must be hungry, Mother, may I give them some bread?"

"Yes, indeed!" answered Mrs. Ellerson. "You can give them some carrots, too," and she placed the bread and two plump carrots in a shiny pan that she took from the cupboard.

Mary Gertrude put on her pretty coat with the big woolly collar, her gaily knitted cap and gloves. It was very cold out of doors, icicles of all sizes and shapes hung from the roof, and the snow was very deep.

As soon as she opened the door the rabbits ran behind the big red barn to hide. Mary Gertrude put the pan of food down near the frozen head of cabbage, then hurried back to the house to watch from the window.

In a little while the rabbits crept from their hiding place, and hopped over to the pan of bread and carrots and ate it all up.

Every morning after that the rabbits paid a visit to the Ellerson's yard where Mary Gertrude would have their breakfast ready for them in a pan.

Mary Gertrude named one of the rabbits Hop and the other Jump.

It was a lot of fun watching them play around in the snow, their long ears pointing to the sky and their fluffy powder puff tails bobbing up and down behind them.

Mary Gertrude would laugh very hard and call to her mother to come and look at their funny games.

One morning Hop came running into the yard alone; he looked nervous and after taking a nibble or two off a carrot ran away back the way he had come.

Mary Gertrude put on her wraps and following his tracks in the snow she came upon him sitting by poor Jump, who was caught tight between two pickets in the fence. Jump was not hurt, and when Mary Gertrude set her free she gave her a very thankful look before running up over the hill with Hop.

In the spring when the snow had all melted and tiny blades of pale green grass came peeping up through the earth, the two rabbits stopped their daily visits to the Ellerson's yard. Two weeks passed without Mary Gertrude seeing them, and she felt sad because she thought that her little friends had forgotten her.

One bright morning when she went out into the yard as usual to see if they had been there, her eyes grew as round as dollars when she found two downy baby rabbits beside Hop and Jump who were daintily nibbling on crusts of bread in the pan.

"Mother! Hop and Jump have not forgotten me at all. Look at what they have brought to visit me!"—Adapted from story by Genevieve Hunt in *Children's Friend*.



If only one kind deed a day
Each little child would do,
Our sad old world this coming year
Would be made ever new.

Selected.

CANYON REVERIE.

The birds that fly over my head,
The river at my feet,
The happy squirrels,
The chipmunks gay,
Help make my life complete.

Betty Ann Barker.

From Pens of the Great

TEMPTATION.

"Why comes temptation,
but for man to meet

And master and make
crouch beneath his
foot,

And so be pedestalled
in triumph.

Browning.



PLEASURE.

"The greatest pleasure I know is to do a
good action by stealth and have it found out
by accident.

Charles Lamb.

SAD OR COLD.

"Believe me, every
man has his sacred sor-
rows, which the world
knows not; and often-
times we call a man
cold when he is only
sad."

Longfellow.

AT THE DEVIL'S BOOTH.

"At the devil's booth
are all things sold,
Each ounce of dross
costs its ounce of gold;
For a cap and bells our
lives we pay;
Bubbles we buy with a
whole soul's tasking;
'Tis Heaven alone that
is given away,
'Tis only God may be
had for the asking,
No price is set on the
lavish summer;
June may be had by the
poorest comer."

—Lowell "Sir
Launfall."

THE HEIGHTS OF GREAT MEN.

The heights of great
men reached and kept
Were not attained by
sudden flight.
But they, while their
companions slept
Were toiling upward in
the night.

Longfellow.

PEOPLE ARE GOOD.

People are good when
they are born. It is
only the temptations of
the evil one that makes
them any other way.
The most vicious people
will stand and condemn
the treacherous acts of
others.

Anon.

PRAYER OF A SPORTSMAN.

Dear Lord, in the battle that goes
through life
I ask but a field that is fair,
A chance that is equal with all in
the strife,
A courage to strive and to dare;
And if I should win, let it be by the
code,
With my faith and my honour held
high;
And if I should lose, let me stand
by the road
And cheer as the winners go by.

And Lord, may my shouts be
ungrudging and clear,
A tribute that comes from the
heart,
And let me not cherish a snarl or a
sneer
Or poay any snivelling part;
Let me say: "There they ride on
whom laurel's bestowed,
Since they played the game better
than I,"
Let me stand with a smile by the
side of the road
And cheer as the winners go by.

So grant me to conquer, if conquer,
I can
By proving my worth in the fray;
But teach me to lose like a regular
man
And not like a craven I pray,
And let me take off my hat to the
warriors
Who strode to victory splendid and
high.
Yea, teach me to stand by the side
of the road
And cheer as the winners go by.

Barton Brayley.

PATH OF VIRTUE.

The path of virtue is
closed to no one, it lies
open to all; it admits
and invites all, whether
they be free-born men,
slaves or freed men,
kings or exiles; it re-
quires no qualifications
of family or property,
it is satisfied with a
mere man.

Seneca.

IGNORANCE.

"If a man be ignorant
of the terms on which
salvation is predicated,
he is unable to comply
therewith and conse-
quently fails to obtain
what might be his eter-
nal gain.

Tahmadge.

WITH WHAT MEASURE YE METE . . .

We get back our mete
as we measure—
We cannot do wrong
and feel right.
Nor can we give pain
and get pleasure,
For Justice avenges
each slight.

The air for the wing of
the sparrow
The bush for robin and
wren;
But always the path
that is narrow,
And straight for the
children of men.

Selected.

To Smoke or Not to Smoke

By Angus I. Nicholson.

BILL THOMAS, just entering College and having recently celebrated his eighteenth birthday, was faced with what seemed to him an extremely serious problem and which was, in reality, a problem that would have a very important effect on his future life.

Bill's friends of late had taken up the cigarette habit and the entire nature of the old gang's "good times" were assuming a different aspect.

The problem that Bill was pondering was whether he should join with his friends and take up the use of tobacco, something he knew his parents would rather he didn't, or whether he should remain aloof from this practice and be subjected to the scorn and coldness of his friends, something that had already begun to make its appearance, because of his failing to join the crowd.

Bill, realizing this, tried to weigh the evidence, pro and con, so as to make the choice that would be most beneficial to himself.

Bill recognized if he started smoking that in his present dilemma he would minimize the "social friction." But, on the other hand, would the compromising of his ideals win him lasting admiration?

On the negative side, he realized that cigarettes were one of the strongest habit-formers in existence because he had seen his father try to stop smoking on several occasions without success. He knew the agonies he must have endured, the self-disappointment he must have felt when he returned to the habit again. It is undeniable that this disappointment and apparent failure caused a loss of self-confidence because of his inability to succeed. Self-confidence, that most essential virtue in any young man's potential success.

Bill had heard that tobacco interests were spending over £20,000,000 a year in

advertising. He had read that the president of a leading tobacco company receives a salary of £200,000 a year and that in 1920 he received a bonus of £255,000 in addition to his salary. Someone had to pay for such huge expenditures and Bill wondered if he wanted to add his name to that already too large a list of donors.

He knew that our public school system with its nineteen million pupils and 500,000 teachers, costs the people less than half as much as tobacco; that ten times as many universities as now exist in the United States could be maintained for the amount expended for tobacco.

So Bill could see that the money he must spend, should he start smoking would be of no small import.

Finally, Bill had once read in the Fortune Magazine, that "Even in mild contractions, nicotine's ethal qualities extend their effects throughout the animal kingdom. Moisten a rod with nicotine and hold in front of the nostrils of a mouse and the mouse will die. "Give a man 60 milligrams of nicotine," says Dr. Emil Bogen, pathologist of the Olive View Sanatorium in California, "and the man will probably die, too." Three cigarettes dissolved in water would probably be lethal to anyone who swallowed the brew."

The evidence accumulated by Bill showed that if wisdom were to govern his choice there remained only one solution to his problem—namely, Not to Smoke.

As Bill grew older, he found that the period of causing "social friction" because of his abstinence soon passed over and never in his life did he have occasion to apologize for his wise and entirely satisfactory decision.

From *The Instructor*.

Loose Buttons

By Pauline Clark.

EVER since that memorable day when Richard Williams had stood before his kindergarten class to say his poem, and the button on his trousers had given away, he had hated loose buttons.

When he had taken his place with David Hulton as junior law partner, and had seen David arrive almost every morning with a button off his shirt, Richard had made a vow:

"I'll never marry a woman that can't sew on buttons!"

Several months later, amid showering rice, flowers, and laughter, Richard and Florence made their get-away in a car decked with old shoes, bottles, rag-dolls, and other after-the-wedding accessories. In the mad rush someone yanked the buttons loose on Richard's coat.

Sometime later, remembering the damage, Richard showed it to his wife.

"Look, dear, what someone did to my coat the night of our wedding."

"Loose buttons? Well, it could have been much worse—they might have stolen your wife," Florence laughed.

"You'll sew them on?"

"Of course—but not to-night."

"In the morning?"

"Oh, yes, darling, the first thing."

But next evening Richard found his coat just as he had left it. He could sew on his own buttons, but if he started he'd always have it to do. He decided to leave the coat on the chair where Florence would see it without fail.

Florence didn't see it.

Next morning he laid it over the bed. She would have to pick it up now.

That evening he ran whistling up the stairs. His coat hung neatly in the closet, with the buttons still hanging on threads!

At dinner Richard mentioned the dinner party at the Hulton's.

"And by the way, dear, you'll sew the buttons on, won't you?"

"Oh, yes, it seems that I have a faint recollection of loose buttons. How could

I forget such an important thing?" she smiled, "I'll have them on in plenty of time."

Several days later David Hulton re-kindled the fire of Richard's pet peeve.

"Say, Rich, have you seen a safety-pin around? Button came off. Here's hoping your wife sews your buttons on."

"Well, if she doesn't, I'm getting a divorce."

"I've heard that one before," laughed David.

Richard decided to give Florence one more chance. With a box of chocolates under his arm, he started home.

"Chocolates for me, Rich? You're a darling—so thoughtful."

"Buttons again! Won't you ever get them off your mind?"

"Not until I know they're securely sewed on."

"And what if I refuse?"

"Then I'll—I'll get a divorce!"

"All right, go ahead, and see if I care! Buttons!" And she threw the chocolates across the table.

What next! Richard's head whirled as he paced the floor of the office the next day. He had to tell someone about it, so he called in David.

"You've got to help me, Dave," he finished.

At Dave's suggestion, he found himself sending Miss Stevens out to sew some buttons.

Florence answered the door.

"Mr. Williams sent me out to sew some buttons—"

"On his coat," Florence finished, turning to run upstairs, the hot tears stinging her eyelids. She tore the coat from its hanger and found a needle and thread.

The coat he had worn at their wedding—how tall and handsome he had looked! She almost wished she had sewed the buttons on. But it was too late now.

She took the coat downstairs, and thrust it into Miss Stevens' hands, and

Continued on page 93.

The Call to High Destiny.—Continued from page 84.

go into the world to be taught, but rather to teach the children of men the things which have been put into their hands by the power of the spirit of God, and that they themselves are to be taught from on high as their lives shall permit; that it is their privilege in the midst of all the confused and murky thinking extant in the world to stand immovable upon the rock of God's truth and see through the errors of men, so that they may advance with independence of thought to the higher and freer realm of this truth and escape the narrowness and bondage of spiritual doubt and error. It calls them to the realization that as "righteousness exalts a nation," so it will exalt an individual, that nothing can bring such an individual ultimate defeat, and that to serve God humbly and faithfully is truly intelligent and truly great. It calls them to the realization that disbelief is not disproof, that to sin wilfully indicates a lack of intelligence and is truly weak, that great secular learning may go hand in hand with great religious understanding and devotion, that great achievement in the affairs of men is consistently linked with a full measure of devotion to the service of God; it charges them that though they accomplish all that may be achieved in the world and receive all rewards and honours that may be bestowed by men, unless they hold to the truth of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, which is their heritage, that they have failed; and finally, that the conclusion of the whole matter is that to fear God and keep His commandments is the whole duty of man.

There are sinister powers in the world whose aim is to subvert the morals of men and to destroy their faith in God. There is being taught to the youth, particularly of the old world, the deadly doctrine of atheism. But here in this new world has dawned a new light; in the midst of the mountains of Ephraim is a great organized movement whose aim is to bring to the youth of the world the highest ideals of manhood and womanhood; to bring to them a knowledge of the true and living God, to declare to

them the restoration of the fullness of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, the Son of God. Its motto is "The Glory of God is Intelligence." Its young men will follow the admonition "be ye clean that bear the vessels of the Lord." Its young men and women in the face of all opposition will attain their high destiny. In this organization the teaching as to the virtues and as to faith are the same for both young men and young women, and both will steadfastly hold to the lofty ideals so beautifully expressed in last year's inspired pledge for the Gleaner Girls. It may well be classed as a modern Psalm. In its essence and intent it applies equally to both men and women, young and old.

"From my gleaning I shall bring a clean body—nothing forbidden shall enter it—no corruption shall touch it. It is my surety of eternal joy.

"I shall bring from my gleaning a pure heart, from it shall flow high ideals, pure thoughts, clean speech, righteous actions. By the pure eye of faith I shall see God.

"From my season's gleaning I shall bring an humble, obedient spirit.

"I shall obey God's laws with delight.

"I shall honour my womanhood.

"I shall intelligently, diligently, and prayerfully perform my duties. I shall know God.

"From my season's gleanings I shall bring an honest mind.

"I shall not bear false witness.

"I shall speak truthfully.

"I shall honour my word.

"I shall learn the truth and the truth shall make me free.

"Thus bearing my four-fold sheaf, I shall hope to ascend into the hill of the Lord and stand in His holy place. Then shall I receive the blessings from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of my salvation."

May God abundantly bless the youth of Zion.

From *The Era*.

"I Think I Am."—Continued from page 86.

son sought Elder Beckstrand.

"Well, what is the verdict?" the Elder asked. "Will you go back with me?"

The Swede shook his head sadly.

"No," said he, "we're going on. My wife and I talked it over—talked most of the night. We found, Elder Beckstrand, that we were not converted to you, but to the Gospel of Jesus Christ. We're going on."

"But, Brother Rasmusson, there's no culture there; there's——"

Mr. Rasmusson raised his hand to stop the speaker.

"I'll take some culture," he said solemnly—"I and my violin. We are sorry that you have left the Church, that you are leaving Zion. We learned to love you, but we'll not follow you."

"You're making a mistake, Brother Rasmusson," the Elder remonstrated.

"No," said Rasmusson, "it is you who are making the mistake. I bear you my testimony that God lives, that He made known His will to the Prophet Joseph Smith; he answers our prayers. And now good-bye. You may turn back, but my wife and I will go on. We may die on the journey; we may never reach Zion, but we'll know that we have espoused a grand cause."

In the old country they were of the peasant class. No way was open to their sons and daughters. They reached Utah. One son became a superintendent of schools, another a mayor of his city, a dentist, and a respected citizen.

The Judge laid down the book. "So what?" he asked.

"Sven Rasmusson was my father," the Mayor answered. "Do you see the light in the office across the corner. That's my office. You've seen my home—a perfect little heaven among the flowers. Had it not been for the Gospel—the Church—I probably would be a peasant in Sweden to-day. Yes, Judge, I think I'll take the job."

"I don't blame you, John," he said, holding out his hand. "I'd take that job, too, if I were you."

From *The Era*.

Loose Buttons.—Continued from page 91.

then went into the kitchen so that her tears might not be seen.

While his secretary sewed on the buttons, Richard, having thought better of this rash plan, was driving wildly home in his car, hoping to overtake Miss Stevens. But she was already standing at the curb waiting for the tram-car as he drove up.

"Am I too late?" he called.

"Too late? For what?"

"The buttons—have you sewed them on?"

"You men sure give me a pain. Your wife had those buttons sewed on a week ago!"

"Honestly?" Here he had been so busy worrying about them that he had forgotten to look lately.

Richard was afraid to go home. He rode around ordering flowers and candy, sending them on ahead. He finally drifted back to the office—and phoned—

"Hello, dear. What? You're—going home to your mother? No! Never! I won't let you—I'm coming home right now, darling. I'm sorry. And to think you had those buttons sewed on a week ago! I'll never forgive myself, sweetheart!"

After she had hung up the receiver, Florence giggled softly. Really, secretaries weren't so bad after all.

From *The Era*.

"Prove Me Now Herewith."—Continued from

panied the building of the new chapel and recreation hall in Cape Town cannot be calculated but can be seen on every side. And so with the general affairs of the Mission. If we will keep the commandments God will not hold back his blessings. The individual members and also the church will be blessed through this effort.

Therefore let us take the Lord at his word for he said: 'Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it.'

E.

The Fair Minded Man

HE gazes at life through a window pane, and does not view it through a lens. Therefore, he sees all things clearly—since he does not permit prejudices to distort his vision.

He continually guards himself against the error of diminishing the value of any man's work because of a personal antipathy. And, on the other hand, he is just as careful not to make the equally great mistake of exaggerating the virtues and attainments of those whom he loves or likes.

He despises the anonymous attack. Honesty never wears a badge of the sneak. He waits to hear both sides of a quarrel and insists upon maintaining a neutral attitude until he knows enough to judge fairly. Truth does not hide in the grass.

He admires many whose essentially personal characteristics and inclinations do not appeal to him. Admiration is the approval of deeds—not persons. It is a calm, clear sum total of abilities, in the addition of which the symbols of friendship do not figure. Many men in whose company he finds no pleasure, and whom he does not desire to meet upon an intimate social basis, none the less receive

his enthusiastic approval of their achievements.

He searches beneath both dress and address for ability and stability. He knows that tailors cannot change the cut of a man's character, and that talent is not always glib in its expression. He does not make the common error of confusing education with intelligence. The world is filled with good brains which have missed the opportunity of training.

Intelligence is an instinct and an experience, while culture is largely schooling—a memorizing of facts and rules and incidents. Initiative cannot be taught; creative tendencies cannot be lectured into a head; the senses of honour, of self-respect, of dignity, of charity, of construction, of leadership, are birth-rights.

The fairminded man is never a snob. He exercises his right to choose his associates from those with whose ideas and ideals he is in sympathy, but he does not assume that the rest of the world is wrong or inferior or foolish. He measures facts on honest scales, and weighs folks as he finds them, not as he hopes or hears or wishes them to be.

The Salt Lake Kiwanian.

District Highlights.—Continued from page 95.

Elder J. R. Meservy was transferred to the Port Elizabeth District where he will supervise the work as District President. His many friends wish him success.

A good crowd had a rollicking good time at the Good Templars' Hall on games night.

PORT ELIZABETH.

On the evening of the 7th a Beetle Drive was sponsored by the Missionary Class of the Sunday School.

On the 8th the mothers of the district were honoured by two specially arranged programmes, one presented by the children in the morning, and another presented in the evening service by the Branch Presidency.

The Primary Association held a lovely Mothers' and Children's Hour programme on the afternoon of the 11th.

Yvonne Rosetta Jackson, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. B. S. Jackson, was blessed on the 15th by Elder Dean A. Ellsworth,

Elder Joseph R. Meservy, who has laboured for the past 10 months in the Natal District, arrived the 21st on the *Dunnottar Castle*, to assume the duties of District President. He succeeds Elder Dean A. Ellsworth, who has been assigned to labour in the Cape District.

The annual Gold and Green Ball was held in the Loubser Hall, the 28th. Miss Peggy Webster presented two special cabaret numbers during intermission. Beautiful decorations of gold and green, and a happy crowd made the ball a delightful event.

Sister Embransia Marie Humphries passed away at her home, on the 25th, and the following day impressive funeral services, under the direction of District President Joseph R. Meservy, were held at her home and at the graveside in North End Cemetery. On behalf of her family, we express heartfelt thanks to the members and friends who helped during this time of trouble. May the spirit of the Lord be with, and comfort those who are left to mourn.

MAY

District Highlights

NEWS

"Brevity is the soul of wit."—Shakespeare.

CAPE.

In the past month eighteen new members have been brought into the church. On the 3rd Brother and Sister Robert Wilkins were baptized by Elder Frank W. Duncan and confirmed by Elders Clark and Backman.

On the 20th Sister Juanita Gossmann and Edith Garton came into the church. Elder Timothy Irons baptized and President Backman confirmed.

On the 25th twelve persons entered the waters of baptism. John Walker Huntington, Ronald Edward Huntington, Bergliot Kathleen Matthews and Gloria Kathleen Matthews were baptized by Elder Ray F. Marsh and confirmed by President Richard E. Folland, Elders Irons, President Backman and Elder Clark, respectively.

Olga Mary Stockley, John Joseph Matthews, Gladys Matilda Cooper, and Ethel Dorothea Huntington were baptized by Elder Clark, and confirmed by Elder Backman. Elder Marsh, Elder Duncan, and President Backman, respectively. Lillian Winifred Cooper and Yvonne Irene Matthews were baptized by Elder Robert S. Kirkham and confirmed by Elders Marsh and Hodgson. Margaret Joyce Cooper and John Abraham Matthews were baptized by Elder Backman and confirmed by Elders Clark and Kirkham.

Maria Jacoba Kruger and Harold Walker Huntington were baptized on the 27th by Elder Irons. Elder Clark and President Backman confirmed the new members.

We welcome all of these people into the church and offer them our warmest friendship.

Brother J. G. Evans with his wife and family has come to South Africa from Berkley, California. They will make their home here with us. We are happy to welcome them.

Wednesday, the 4th, the Cumorah Male Chorus gave a delightful performance before the Sea Pione Musical Society.

President Richard E. Folland and family were given a reception at a "Welcome" Social on the 5th.

Two lively one-act plays were presented at the M.I.A. concert held on the 17th and 18th.

District Conference was held on the 29th in the new Chapel. Over 250 friends and members attended the meetings which had for the theme: "A Spiritual Inventory."

A Farewell Social was given the 30th in honour of President and Sister Le Grand P. Backman and their family, and Elders Ray F. Marsh and Harlan W. Clark. A musical programme was given, followed by presentation of gifts. A crowd of over 300 joined in dancing and singing to complete an enjoyable evening.

Elder Grant B. Hodgson has taken over the duties of Secretary of the Mission: Elder Marsh, former Secretary, was honourably released May 29th, and Harlan W. Clark,

former District President, was released the same day. Elder Paul D. Backman was installed as new leader of the work in the Cape. Elder Frank W. Duncan replaces Elder W. Dean Taylor as Mission Commissarius.

TRANSVAAL.

On the 6th, Brother O. Layton Alldredge left for a business trip to the Cape.

On the 8th, a large crowd attended the special Mothers' Day services.

The officers and teachers of the Ramah M.I.A. enjoyed a moonlight outing to Benoni, the 9th. Dinner, cooked in the ground was served by moonlight, the evening of the 9th.

By popular demand, the concert which was presented to packed houses on the 18th and 19th will be repeated on the 16th of June.

Elder Harold E. Larsen has been appointed to labour in the Liahona Branch.

On Friday, the 27th, the Ramah M.I.A. entertained for the members of the east of the concert which was produced on the 18th and 19th. The festive spirit was enjoyed by all.

Brother F. J. Spear, of the Liahona Branch, was host to his brother, C. B. Spear, who spent a week visiting in the Southern Suburbs. Brother C. B. Spear is President of the Bloemfontein-Kimberley Branch.

Sister Jean Spear is spending a short holiday in Newcastle of the Natal Province.

We are pleased that Brother T. W. Smith is recovering from his recent illness.

2nd June, Elders Marsh and Alldredge left for Durban to bid farewell to President and Sister Backman and Elder Wilcox.

Congratulations to the Springs Relief Society on the successful dance that was held. Several needy children were provided with winter clothes.

Brother William Kedian has been suffering with an injured hand. We pray that he may soon be able to use it again.

DURBAN.

Mothers' Day and Aaronic Priesthood Day were celebrated with a short programme and talks developed around the two themes.

The 11th, a social was held by the Relief Society and a fine crowd enjoyed themselves playing games and singing.

Elder Meservy passed through on the way to Port Elizabeth where he will take over his new labours.

PIETERMARITZBURG.

Lantern lectures were given in several homes this month and much enthusiasm is being shown for the lecture "Forgotten Empires."

An impressive Mothers' Day Service was held on the 8th. A boys' quartette consisting of Ronald Dinkelman, Sidney Dinkelman, Ronald McLaren and Bryan McLaren sang the song "Mother."

Continued on page 94.

With The Missionaries

CAPE DISTRICT:

Elder Paul D. Backman, District President, "Cumorah," Main Rd., Mowbray. Phone 6-3334.

Elders Timothy H. Irons, Frank W. Duncan, Dean A. Ellsworth, Robert S. Kirkham.

Mowbray Branch: "Cumorah," Main Road, Mowbray.

SERVICES: Sunday, 10.30 a.m. and 7.0 p.m.; Tuesday, Mutual, 7.45 p.m.; Wednesday, Primary, 4.0 p.m.; Thursday, Priesthood and Relief Society, 7.45 p.m.; Genealogical Class each 2nd Sunday, 8.15 p.m.

Woodstock Branch: Sunday School, 10.30 a.m., "Deseret," Rhodes Avenue; Thursday, Primary, 4.0 p.m. "Ivy Lodge," Upper Chester Road.

Parow Branch: Sunday Evening Service, 7.30 p.m.

TRANSVAAL DISTRICT:

Elder O. Claron Alldredge, District President, 395, Commissioner Street, Fairview, Johannesburg. Phone 24-3669.

Elders W. Dean Taylor, Harold M. H. Lund, Gene L. Stoman, Harold E. Larsen.

Ramah Branch: 395, Commissioner Street, Johannesburg.

SERVICES: Sunday, 10.30 a.m. and 7.30 p.m.; Tuesday, Mutual, 8.0 p.m.; Wednesday, Primary, 3.0 p.m.; Thursday, Priesthood and Relief Society, 8.0 p.m.

Liahona Branch: Sunday, 10.30 a.m., 20, Petunia Street, Rosettenville.

SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE: 7.30 p.m., Masonic Hall, Main Road, Kenilworth.

Springs Branch: "Castle Mansions," Third Street.

SUNDAY SERVICES: 10.30 a.m. and 7.30 p.m.

Waterval Branch: 153, Kemp Avenue, Waterval Estate.

SUNDAY SERVICES: 10.30 a.m. and 6.0 p.m.

Pretoria Branch: Poynton's Building, 173b, Church Street, East.

SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE: 7.30 p.m.

NATAL DISTRICT:

Elder W. Lee Freeman, District President.

Elders Harold Dean Jensen, Victor Jay Allen.

Durban Branch: Perla Siedle Studio, Buchanan Building, West and Russel Streets.

SERVICES: Sunday, 10.30 a.m. and 7.0 p.m.; Wednesday, Priesthood and Relief Society, 7.30 p.m.

Pietermaritzburg Branch: Good Templars' Hall, Longmarket Street.

SUNDAY EVENING SERVICES: 7.0 p.m.

PORT ELIZABETH DISTRICT:

Elder Joseph R. Meservy, District President, and Elder Burns Love Dmford.

SERVICES: Forresters' Hall, Palm Street, Port Elizabeth: Sunday, 10.30 a.m. and 7.0 p.m.; Primary, Wednesday, 3.0 p.m., Priesthood and Relief Society; Thursday, 8.0 p.m.; Weekly Cottage Meeting, Tuesday, 8.0 p.m., 100, Mackay Street.

Elder Grant B. Hodgson, Mission Secretary.

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